

The Evening World.

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DYNAMITE AND AIRSHIPS.



MR. HUDSON MAXIM writes asking a correction of the statement in the editorial on "Flying and Fighting" to the effect that an airship could destroy a battleship by dropping bombs on it. As an authority on high explosives Mr. Hudson Maxim's views are entitled to every respect. They surely are at variance with the popular belief as to the destructive effect of dynamite and nitro-glycerine.

Mr. Maxim says:

"One hundred pounds or even five hundred pounds of dynamite exploded against the side of a battleship would have practically no effect whatever. Even were it to be dropped from a flying machine and exploded on a battleship it would do no serious injury unless it should happen to fall into one of the smokestacks. It might rain ten-pound bombs for a day on a modern battleship without doing any serious damage to the vessel and without breaking the siestas and the day dreams of the marines below decks provided the smokestacks were covered over for the occasion."

As to the use of airships in war, Mr. Maxim writes:

"An aerial fleet of a hundred aeroplanes, each capable of carrying one hundred pounds of dynamite, could visit New York City and discharge their hundred bombs every day for an indefinite period, and the destruction wrought would not begin to equal the continual growth of the city, much less work the city's destruction."

Mr. Maxim believes the future field of airships in war is as aerial raiders. As such he says they could work "wide destruction on unprotected inland cities and towns, destroying railroads, blowing up bridges, arsenals, public stores, powder magazines and powder mills, and in levying ransom on moneyed institutions and in the harassment of the unfortunate population. Such is the true work of high explosives in aerial warfare."

As for the Black Hand bombs, their danger comes from the fact that they "generally have a metallic casing and are charged with fragments of metal as well as dynamite."

To explode dynamite in the open air is not very dangerous. At the Sandy Hook gun tests 500 pounds of gun cotton made "merely a larger round smudge" upon the face of armor plate. Two hundred pounds of gun cotton hung against a turret and exploded did not injure the plate and had no effect on a coop of chickens placed inside for experimental purposes further than to make them deaf.

As dynamite is more powerful than gunpowder it might seem that the same inventive brains of to-day which have devised the airship are capable of devising an explosive which, dropped from an airship, will cause the destruction which Mr. Maxim denies to dynamite.

But with this last paragraph Mr. Maxim also takes issue. He says that "no matter how high an explosive is invented, the law which governs the action of exploding bodies must still remain the same and limit the destructive powers of the explosive. It would still be necessary for it to be confined to do very great havoc."

500 Buttons

By Maurice Ketten.



The Chorus Girl Is Now Hep to "Bohemian Atmosphere" and Stuck on Broadway, Which Is Good Enough for Her.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"Went to one of them bohemian restaurants the other night to get atmosphere, because the last scene of our play is laid in one of them places like an egg," said the Chorus Girl.

"And now I'm hep to what they mean, 'bohemian atmosphere,' mean, kid. It means garlic, it sure do."

The idea of going to eat at them table dote bohemian joints when whoever you are with can afford the other thing.

"I wisd the secret of their soup while I was there the other night. When they want to give consomme to their patrons for the first course they take the unwashed plates and just add hot water and serve."

"And did you ever eat a table dote oyster on the half shell? They is preserved in benzoate of soda and desiccated for eight hours on the steam plate, then they is laid on three small pieces of ice tucked under the shell and served."

"And yet there was a time when I went around telling people, 'I know a grand place, 50 cents with wine. I can't see how they do it!'"

"I sure can't see how they do it now, for I keep as far away from them all-right eating cabins as the finances of my escort will permit."

"We was out with Old Man Moneyton at Del's the other night, and he was talking of that very thing. For Old Man Moneyton is a self-made man and is always praising the edifice."

"He was saying that nothing showed the development of success in various walks of life like the streets that people stroll on does."

"When he struck town with a limited capital and a still more limited wardrobe in an old-fashioned shiny valise, Old Man Moneyton said, he slipped into the washroom of Smith & McNeill's restaurant near the ferry landing and washed his B. and O. make-up off. After which, as it was during the dull hours, he changed his linen unobserved save by a watchful porter, who had seen him go in, and, noticing how long he stayed in, thought it was a case of suicide instead of an economical change of wardrobe."

"Then, Old Man Moneyton says, he went up stairs and patronized the establishment by hitting the free lunch a few fell blows, checked his valise and sallied forth to collect the living he felt New York owed him."

"As a young man, he said, the Bowery was the place he promenade in his hours of leisure. He was an office boy then, and his pleasures were modest. A ten-cent ticket to the gallery of a Bowery melodrama theatre, a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich, a peep at the bright lights, a look into Harry Hill's to see the boxers and then to his hall-room on Vesey street to rest up for his labors on the morrow."

"Twenty-five years of age seen him shaking the Bowery and making for Broadway in the gay districts around Union Square. He moved uptown with the uptown movement, and Broadway held him till he had made his money and knew how to live expensively and feel at home while he was doing it."

"Now he no more takes in Broadway, except to go to the theatre or the opera, than he would think of sight-seeing on the Bowery. He strolls up Fifth avenue for his constitutional with all the ready-money push he knows."

"Well, Broadway is good enough for me. Fifth avenue is interesting, but not exciting, and you never meet any actors on Fifth avenue. So I leave it to you that the time ain't come for me that I can say Fifth avenue for mine. After all, you like best what you like best, and feel more in your right place when you're in the right place for you."

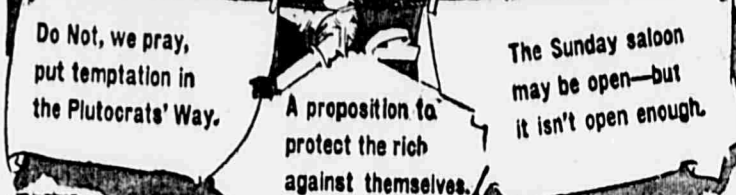
"It's just like my papa when he visited me from Altoona, after he and my ma had words because for eight years after he was out of politics, so far as holding any office was concerned, the only work papa did was to look for it."

"Now, my papa is a lovely old stew. I don't care what you say. He does like his little nip, of course, and if he does like his beer with his meals besides it ain't up to me as a dutiful child to hurl the harpoon into him for it. So, the last time he was on to visit me, because he can ride on the Pennsylvania any time he wants to if the railroad detectives don't see him, we was going out to get supper and we passed Shanley's. The place was a blaze of lights till it hurt your eyes. And I said, just for fun, 'Papa, there's a nice place to eat, only it's a temperance place. They don't serve anything to drink there.' And he looked in, shielding his eyes from the glare, and said: 'Well, it may be all right, but I wouldn't care to eat in there, it's such a gloomy looking place!'"

"But I don't care, my papa may have his faults and he may be from a hick town, but you can look down into his shoes and see he's straight from the ground up."

"But he's his own worst enemy at that. His instincts is too generous. You may be a good fellow, but you don't have money in the bank when you are willing not only to buy in your turn but out of, and that's been my papa's failing—the generous instinct to spend every cent he has in his pockets, no matter who it may belong to."

THE WEEK'S WASH BY MARTIN GREEN



"A REAL statesman," remarked the laundryman, "has to keep cases on a lot of plays that the public don't get wise to. Here's Congressman Seno E. Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, gets up and states that he and his tariff-framing pals are opposed to an income tax because said tax would tend to induce perjury and fraud."

"In other words," said the head polisher, "Mr. Payne and the other Ways and Meansers have constituted themselves the custodians of the consciences of the rich. Far be it from them to allow any man to perjure himself about his income. The purity of the commonwealth must be maintained."

"Under an income tax the man with the small income in the shape of salary or profits from a business which could be checked up from the books couldn't dodge his assessment any more than he can dodge the tax he now pays on his clothes, his food and everything else that serves to keep him alive. The only people who might have any chance of

could come to life and spend an hour on any steamship pier in this city any time a ship comes in, he would drop dead of his own accord. The whole system of taxation promotes perjury and fraud. Do all those who blithely swear off their personal taxes annually in New York tell the truth?"

"The debate on the Payne tariff bill in the House will bring out the fact that every interest in the United States is represented in Congress but the interest of the people at large. However, the people at large are not entitled to any representation. They send the same old bunch of con men to Washington every two years or four years and let it go at that. A majority that will make a joss out of a picture of a full dinner pail is entitled to the worst of it."

Direct Nominations.

"The papers say," declared the laundryman, "that Gov. Hughes is going to appeal to the people again to pass the Direct Nominations bill."

"I APPEAL TO YOU AGAIN-AGAIN-AND AGAIN!"

An Angel's Understudy.

"These are the people toward whom Mr. Payne is acting the part of understudy for a guardian angel. For many, many years it has been the duty of Congress to protect the rich against everybody else. Mr. Payne now comes forth with a proposition to protect the rich against themselves. Do not, we pray, put temptation in the plutocrats' way."

"If there is any law tending to promote perjury and fraud it is that putting a tax upon imports. If Ananias sidestepping the tax by perjury or fraud are those whose enormous incomes can't be tabbed."

The Sunday Saloon.

"I see," said the laundryman, "that certain reformers are agitating the passage of a law to allow saloons to keep open on Sundays."

"How much opener do they want them?" asked the head polisher.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.



Translated By Helen Rowland.

CONSIDER the TURK, my Daughter, for he is a perfect gentleman! Behold, he BUYETH his wives, for he regardeth a woman as a thing of great price, and he doth NOT expect to find all the uses and beauties of a HAREM in ONE wife which he getteth for NOTHING—even for the ASKING. Nay, he is not a CHEAP man.

Then, I say unto thee, a half-interest, even a third-interest in a husband is more to be desired than full ownership. For is it not easier to please ANY man part of the time than ALL of the time? And what woman can cater unto all a man's wants and fulfill ALL of his requirements?

Lo, in a HAREM each wife is a SPECIALIST, and a cook is not required to be a soul companion; neither is a society queen called upon to polish floors while she keepeth her nails manicured, nor to keep down the kitchen bills while she keepeth up her husband's social position, but a HOUR is allowed to specialize upon love and kisses.

Verily, verily, no HEATHEN WIFE is expected to mix batter-cakes with her right hand while she curleth her front hair with her left hand and rocket the cradle with her foot and quoth Browning with her lips, neither to look like a stage dairymaid while she leaneth over the wash-tub.

But a CIVILIZED man wanteth the WHOLE THING in ONE package, A Turk would not buy a dishpan to hang in the parlor, nor a silk pillow to chop meat upon, but a civilized man yearneth for a VENUS which can be used as a stocking darning.

Behold, the Turk payeth a TAX for his harem, for he regardeth matrimony as a great privilege; but the CIVILIZED man payeth a BACHELOR TAX, for he considereth SINGLE LIFE the only thing worth a price.

Lo, I say unto thee, better a satin-lined apartment in Constantinople with only HALF a husband than a Harlem flat with no maid servant.

Go to! With husbands as scarce as Old Masters, is it not GREEDY for any woman to want a WHOLE MAN unto herself? Yea, and likewise FOOLISH! Selah!

Letters From the People

New Jersey and Mosquitoes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now that summer is drawing nearer we will probably begin soon to hear the usual line of jokes about New Jersey mosquitoes. So let me get in a word of warning first. I have summered in Long Island, Staten Island, Connecticut, Westchester County and New Jersey. In all the first four places I have invariably found more mosquitoes than I ever found in New Jersey. There are mosquitoes everywhere in summer. But no more in New Jersey than elsewhere. Not so many as in lots of places. Let the mosquito resign his job as national flower of New Jersey! It's the greatest little State in the Union.

JOEL A. JERENSEN, Montclair, N. J.

Another Victim of Shaving.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with great interest the letter of the man who complains that (with ten shaves a week at twelve minutes a shave) he wastes four days and eight hours a year. Also that shaving is very painful to him. I agree with every word he says. I can't shave myself, being awkward. I am shaved seven times a week by a barber. The regular price is 15 cents per shave. That would be a waste of \$1.75 a week (or \$4.50 a year) merely to keep down a natural facial adornment. But at such barber shops as I've been able to find I am expected to give a ten-cent tip each time I am shaved. That means twenty-five cents a day, or \$1.75 a week, or \$4.50 a year. Why must one tip a barber rather than a grocer, a postman or a shoemaker?

WILLIAM Q. KERNA.

"Grafting" Versus "Stealing."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is an interesting point in ethics I wish readers would discuss: A claims that grafting is not exactly the same as robbery or stealing. It claims it is. Which is right? And explain the exact difference.

WILLIAM H.

Apply to Pulitzer Scholarship Committee.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please tell me where to apply for information relative to the Pulitzer scholarships.

J. VAN OLSTEN.

Misapplied Energy

By J. K. Bryans



MY "CYCLE OF READING" By Count Tolstoy

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Fear.

If a man fears other men he does not believe in God.

Do not be discouraged and do not despair if you have not succeeded entirely to accomplish all the good you wanted to accomplish. If you have fallen from your heights try to climb it again; suffer the trials of life meekly and return to your principles willingly and consciously.—Marcus Aurelius.

He who fears people does not fear God. He who fears God does not fear people.

HONOR him whose life is an uninterrupted victory—him who, by striving toward the infinite and the real, finds support not in praise but in work; honor him who does not shine and does not care to shine. Knowing it in advance, he has chosen the virtue which is subjected to abuse, the truth which all its enemies are uniting to exterminate. The highest virtue is always repugnant to the laws of the world.—Emerson.

VERY great truth in order to enter into the consciousness of mankind must inevitably pass through three stages. The first stage is: "This is so absurd that it is not even worth while considering it." The second stage is: "This is immortal and repugnant to religion." The third stage is: "This has long been known to everybody."

MAR. 27.